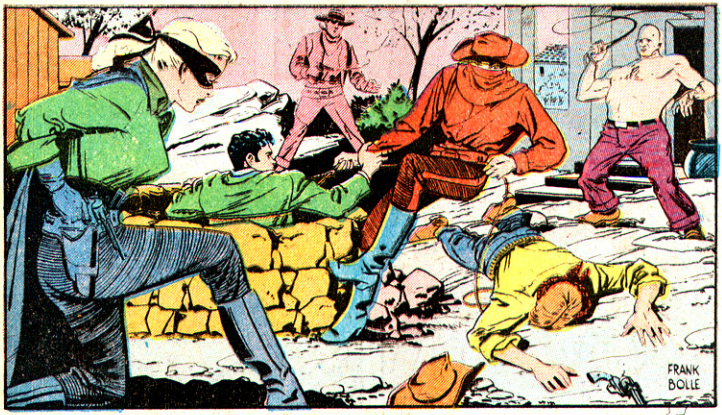
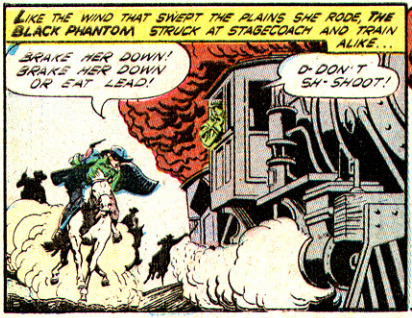
TIM HOLT

BLACK AS THE NIGHT ITSELF, WITH A LAUGH ON HER LIPS AND A GREEDY CLUTCH TO HER FINGERS, SHE CAME RIDING OUT OF THE ARIZONA DUST, AS DEADLY A SHOT AS ANNIE OAKLEY, AS DARING AS BUTCH CASSIDY WITH HIS WILD BUNCH, SHE RODE A LONG TRAIL UNTIL FATE THREW **REDMASK** ACROSS HER PATH!

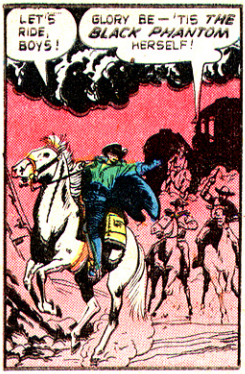
AND WHEN REDMASK TANGLED WITH THIS GIRL RIDER OF THE SAGELANDS AND WITH THE BRUTAL **BEAST** WHO SERVED HER WITH A BLACKSNAKE WHIP — THERE WAS NONE TO RESCUE HIM FROM THE WHIRLPOOL DOOM OF THE DEATH WELL! IT LAY BETWEEN—

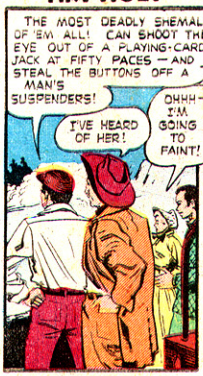
"REDMASK— and THE BLACK PHANTOM!"

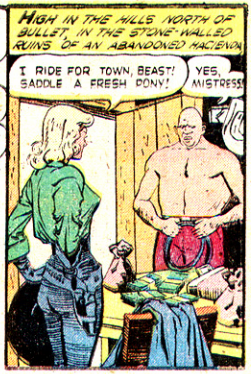


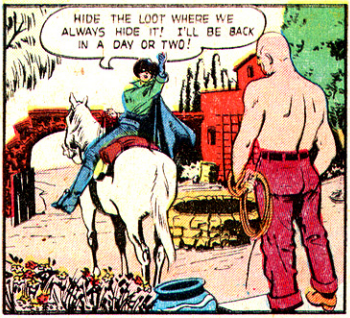


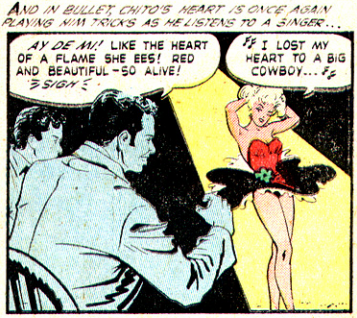
Supermouse
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Comics
Fantastic Tales
Cosmo Cat
Startling Comics
Strange Mysteries
Daring Adventures
Startling Comics
Mystery Tales
Exciting Comics
Famous Funnies
Strange Worlds
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Tales
Startling Comics
Barnyard Comics
Exciting Comics
Eerie
Exciting Comics
Casper Cat
Daring Adventures
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM


LET'S RIDE, BOYS!
GLORY BE—'TIS THE BLACK PHANTOM HERSELF!

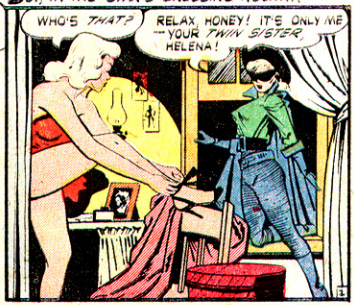

THE MOST DEADLY SHEMALE OF 'EM ALL! CAN SHOOT THE EYE OUT OF A PLAYING-CARD JACK AT FIFTY PACES—AND STEAL THE BUTTONS OFF A MAN'S SUSPENDERS!
I'VE HEARD OF HER!
OHHH—I'M GOING TO FAINT!


HIGH IN THE HILLS NORTH OF BULLET, IN THE STONE-WALLED RUINS OF AN ABANDONED HACIENDA...
I RIDE FOR TOWN, BEAST! SADDLE A FRESH PONY!
YES, MISTRESS


HIDE THE LOOT WHERE WE ALWAYS HIDE IT! I'LL BE BACK IN A DAY OR TWO!

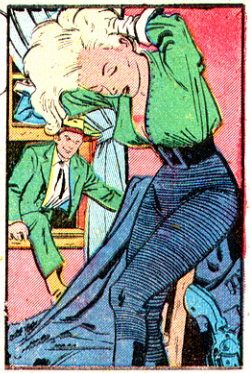

AND IN BULLET, CHITO'S HEART IS ONCE AGAIN PLAYING HIM TRICKS AS HE LISTENS TO A SINGER...
AY DE MI! LIKE THE HEART OF A FLAME SHE EES! RED AND BEAUTIFUL—SO ALIVE! ¿SIGH?
¿¿ I LOST MY HEART TO A BIG COWBOY... ¿¿

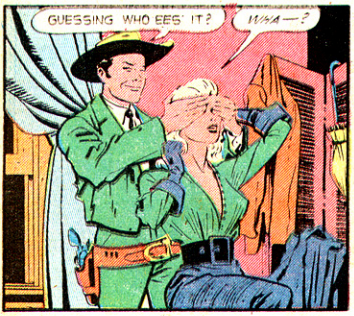
I AM FOR GO SEE MY LITTLE JICILLA! SHE EES BE SUCH SWEET SINGER, SHE WEEL SURELY WANT FOR TO GO WEETH CHITO!
DON'T GET IN ANY TROUBLE!

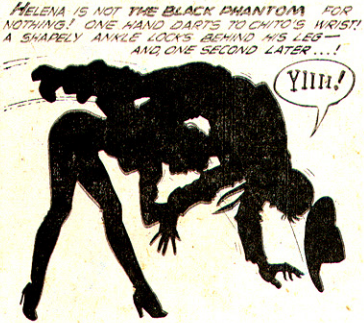

BUT, IN THE STAR'S DRESSING ROOM...
WHO'S THAT?
RELAX, HONEY! IT'S ONLY ME—YOUR TWIN SISTER, HELENA!

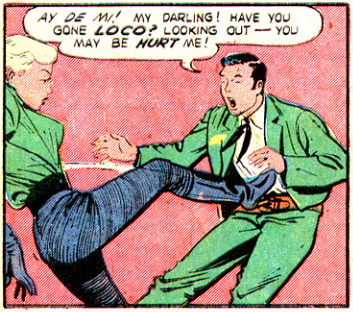
YOU! IF ANYONE SEES YOU—!
RELAX SOME MORE, SISTER MINE! NO ONE WILL SEE ME! GIVE ME ONE OF YOUR DRESSES. I'VE BEEN RIDING ALL NIGHT! I WANT TO RELAX!

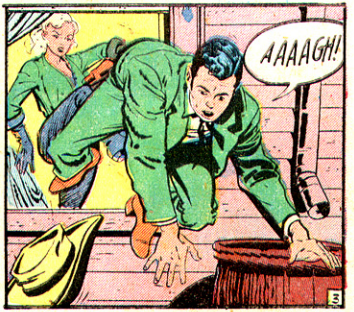
REMEMBER— NO TROUBLE WHILE I AM GONE TO GET YOU SOME FOOD!
SILLY! NOW HOW WOULD I GET INTO TROUBLE IN YOUR DRESSING ROOM?




GUESSING WHO EEG' IT?
W/SA—?


HELENA IS NOT THE BLACK PHANTOM FOR NOTHING! ONE HAND DARTS TO CHITO'S WRIST! A SHAPELY ANKLE LOOKS BEHIND HIS LEG— AND ONE SECOND LATER...!
YIIH!


AY DE MI! MY DARLING! HAVE YOU GONE LOCO? LOOKING OUT — YOU MAY BE HURT ME!


AAAAGH!

TIM HOLT

POOR CHITO! LIFE CAN BE AWFULLY PUZZLING AT TIMES, WHEN HE COMES TO—IT IS THE SINGER WHO BENDS ABOVE HIM...

YOU POOR DEAR BOY! WHAT EEN THE WORLD HAPPEN TO YOU?

YOU CAN ASK THAT? YOU — WHO JUST THREW ME OUT THAT WEENDOW? NEVER WEEL I UNDERSTANDING WOMEN!

CHITO! YOU ALL RIGHT? I HEARD YOU YELL...HUH! HE'S ALL RIGHT!

YOU DEED NOT MEANING EET? YOU THOUGHT I WAS ROBBER?

SI, SI! MEET ME IN MY HOTEL ROOM. WE GO RIDING EEN MOONLIGHT!

ONCE AGAIN FATE PULLS THE WRONG STRINGS. SOME HOURS LATER, AS CHITO ENTERS JICILLA'S HOTEL ROOM—

OH! YOU ARE HAVE COMPANY!

YOU AGAIN! GET HIM, BOYS!

NO USE TO BE ANGRY! EEF YOU HAVE OTHER BOY FRIENDS, I AM NOT CARE THEES MUCH! OWWW!

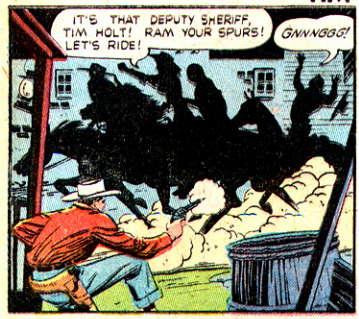
I CAN'T LET HIM LIVE—NOW THAT HE'S SEEN ME IN MY BLACK PHANTOM COSTUME...!

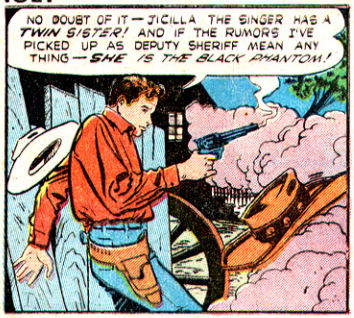
I HAVE IT! I'LL TAKE HIM OUT TO THE RUINED HACIENDA, AND THROW HIM IN THE WHIRLPOOL WELL! NOBODY WILL EVER FIND HIM AFTER THAT!

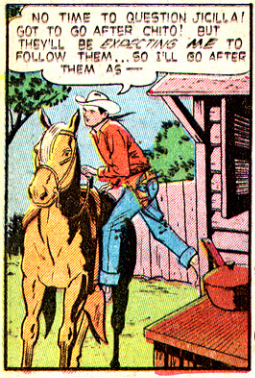
AT THAT MOMENT—

FUNNY! JICILLA HAS A DATE WITH CHITO TO GO RIDING! WHAT'S SHE DOING GOING BACK IN THE CANTINA? HMMM...SOMETHING VERY QUEER GOING ON AROUND HERE...!

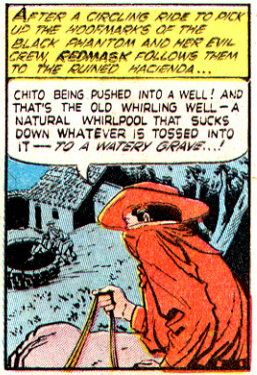
WHY—THERE'S JICILLA AGAIN! BUT IT CAN'T BE! SHE COULDN'T HAVE DRESSED SO FAST! AND—CHITO'S WITH HER — KNOCKED OUT...!


IT'S THAT DEPUTY SHERIFF, TIM HOLT! RAM YOUR SPURS! LET'S RIDE!
GNNNGGG!


NO DOUBT OF IT — JICILLA THE SINGER HAS A TWIN SISTER! AND IF THE RUMORS I'VE PICKED UP AS DEPUTY SHERIFF MEAN ANY THING — SHE IS THE BLACK PHANTOM!

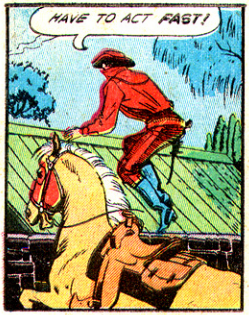

NO TIME TO QUESTION JICILLA! GOT TO GO AFTER CHITO! BUT THEY'LL BE EXPECTING ME TO FOLLOW THEM... SO I'LL GO AFTER THEM AS —

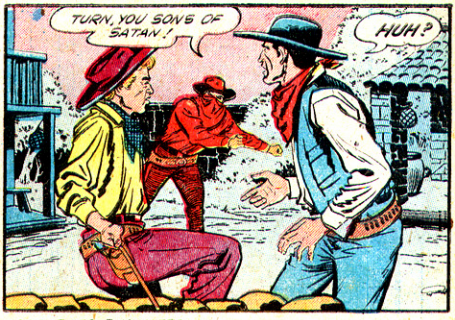
— REDMASK!

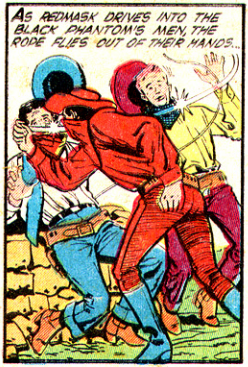

AFTER A CIRCLING RIDE TO PICK UP THE HOOFMARKS OF THE BLACK PHANTOM AND HER EVIL CREW, REDMASK FOLLOWS THEM TO THE RUINED HACIENDA...
CHITO BEING PUSHED INTO A WELL! AND THAT'S THE OLD WHIRLING WELL — A NATURAL WHIRLPOOL THAT SUCKS DOWN WHATEVER IS TOSSED INTO IT — TO A WATERY GRAVE...!

OVER YOU GO, HOMBRE!
WE'LL LOWER YOU DOWN SLOWLY — WE WANT YOU TO SWEAT SOME BEFORE YOU DIE!

MY FINGERS SLIP OFF THE STONES! THEY ARE TOO SLIPPERY... GOING TO DROWN IN THE WHIRLING WELL...!


HAVE TO ACT FAST!

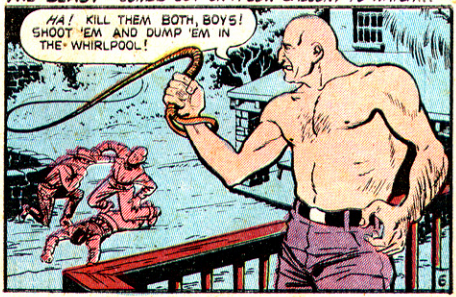

TURN, YOU SONS OF SATAN!
HUH?

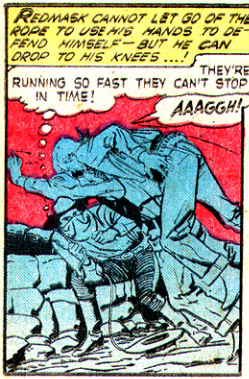

AS REDMASK DRIVES INTO THE BLACK PHANTOM'S MEN, THE ROPE FLIES OUT OF THEIR HANDS...

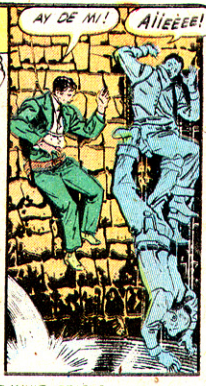
AND CHITO PLUMMETS DOWN TO HIS DOOM!
YEE-iiii!

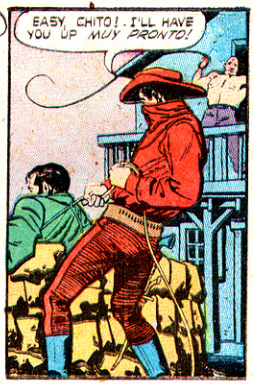
JUST MADE IT!

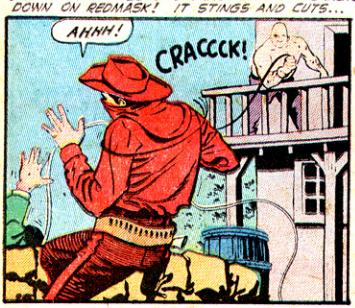
I CAN'T LET GO, OR CHITO'LL FALL INTO THE WHIRLPOOL! AND WITHOUT MY HANDS—I CAN'T DEFEND MYSELF!

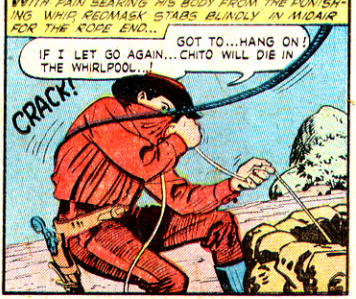

AS DEATH FOR REDMASK AND CHITO LOOMS BEFORE THEM, THE BEAST COMES OUT ON A LOW BALCONY TO WATCH...
HA! KILL THEM BOTH, BOYS! SHOOT 'EM AND DUMP 'EM IN THE WHIRLPOOL!

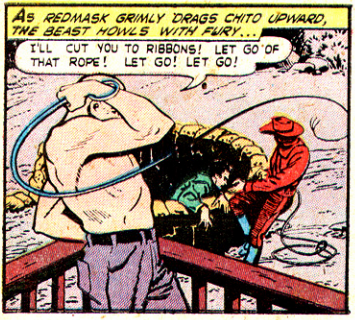

REDMASK CANNOT LET GO OF THE ROPE TO USE HIS HANDS TO DEFEND HIMSELF—BUT HE CAN DROOP TO HIS KNEES....!
THEY'RE RUNNING SO FAST THEY CAN'T STOP IN TIME!
AAAGGH!

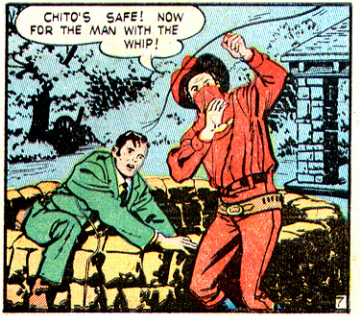

AY DE MI!
AIIEEEE!

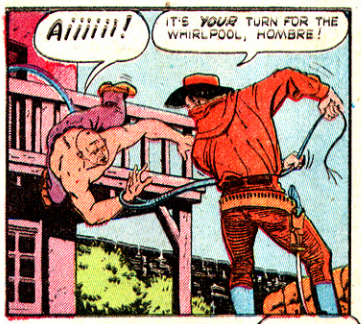

EASY, CHITO!..I'LL HAVE YOU UP MUY PRONTO!

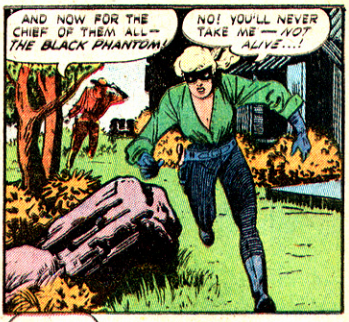

AND THEN THE BEAST'S CRACKLING WHIP CRACKS DOWN ON REDMASK! IT STINGS AND CUTS...
AHHH!
CRACCCK!

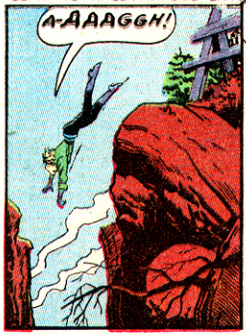

WITH PAIN SEARING HIS BODY FROM THE PUNISHING WHIP REDMASK STABS BLINDLY IN MIDAIR FOR THE ROPE END...
GOT TO...HANG ON! IF I LET GO AGAIN...CHITO WILL DIE IN THE WHIRLPOOL..!
CRACK!

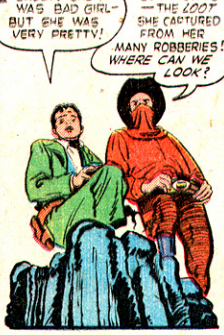

AS REDMASK GRIMLY DRAGS CHITO UPWARD, THE BEAST HOWLS WITH FURY...
I'LL CUT YOU TO RIBBONS! LET GO OF THAT ROPE! LET GO! LET GO!


CHITO'S SAFE! NOW FOR THE MAN WITH THE WHIP!


Aiiiiii!
IT'S YOUR TURN FOR THE WHIRLPOOL, HOMBRE!

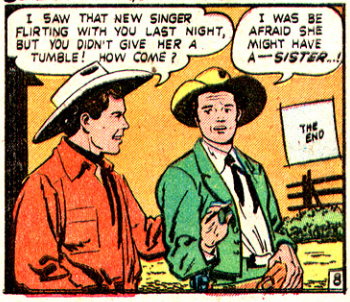

AND NOW FOR THE CHIEF OF THEM ALL— THE BLACK PHANTOM!
NO! YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME—NOT ALIVE...!


WITH A DESPAIRING CRY THE BLACK PHANTOM CHOOSES DEATH TO A CERTAIN JAIL TERM.
A-AAAGGH!


¿GULP¿ GET WAS TOO BADLY! SHE WAS BAD GIRL— BUT SHE WAS VERY PRETTY!
WHAT WE MUST FIND OUT NOW IS —THE LOOT SHE CAPTURED FROM HER MANY ROBBERIES! WHERE CAN WE LOOK?

AFTER TWO HOURS OF STEADY SEARCHING, DAWN LIGHTS THE SKY...
LOOK, CHITO—THOSE SICKLY PLANTS OVER THERE! YOU'LL NOTICE THE INSECTS AND RODENTS LEAVE THEM ALONE!
WHAT HAVE SEECK PLANTS TO DOING WITH THE LOOT?

SOMETHING MUST HAVE KILLED THEM— AND DID! WHEN THE BLACK PHANTOM UPROOTED THEM TO HIDE HER LOOT, SHE KILLED THEM! SEE? THERE IS HER STOLEN LOOT!


SOME DAYS LATER, ON TIM'S T-BAR-H RANCH...
I SAW THAT NEW SINGER FLIRTING WITH YOU LAST NIGHT, BUT YOU DIDN'T GIVE HER A TUMBLE! HOW COME?
I WAS BE AFRAID SHE MIGHT HAVE A—SISTER...!
THE END

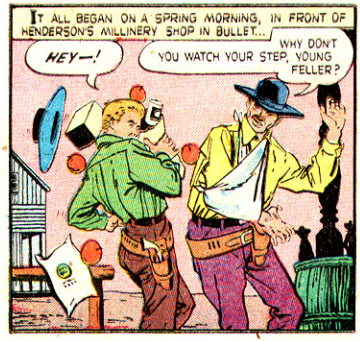
TIM HOLT

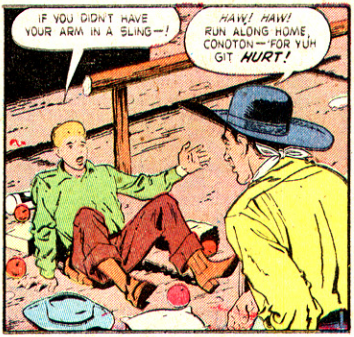
WITH TIM AS REDMASK!

YOUNG EB CONOTON IS NO GUNTHROWER, BUT WHEN LUTE PHIPPS OF THE TRIANGLE BAR TAUNTS HIM INTO A FIGHT, EB FINDS HIMSELF FACING A HIRED TEXAS GUNMAN! HE HAS NO CHANCE AT ALL. HE IS A DEAD MAN—FOR EVEN *REDMASK* CAN DO NOTHING AGAINST THE—

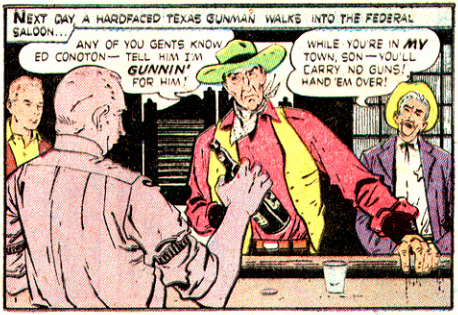
"GUNS OF THE KILLER"

FRANK BOLLE

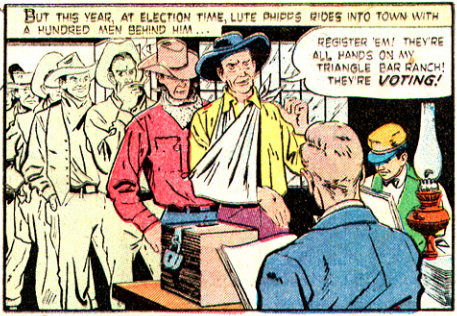




THAT YOUNG FOOL IS NOT ONLY GOING TO LOSE HIS LIFE PLUMB SOON — BUT HIS RANCH, TOO! I WANT IT!


NEXT DAY, A HARDFACED TEXAS GUNMAN WALKS INTO THE FEDERAL SALOON...
ANY OF YOU GENTS KNOW ED CONOTON — TELL HIM I'M GUNNIN' FOR HIM!
WHILE YOU'RE IN MY TOWN, SON — YOU'LL CARRY NO GUNS! HAND 'EM OVER!

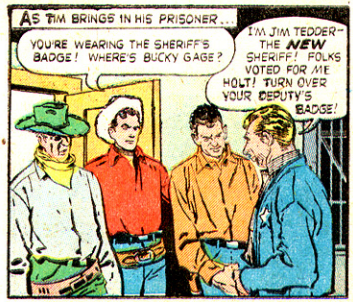
GO AHEAD, POP — TAKE 'EM! I'LL GET 'EM BACK, DAY AFTER TOMORROW!
I S'POSE YOU MEAN THE TOWN ELECTIONS! WELL, I'LL BE SHERIFF AFTER ELECTION, TOO!

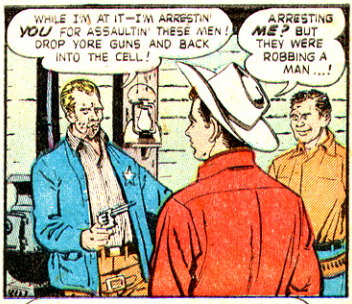

BUT THIS YEAR, AT ELECTION TIME, LUTE PHIPPS RIDES INTO TOWN WITH A HUNDRED MEN BEHIND HIM...
REGISTER 'EM! THEY'RE ALL HANDS ON MY TRIANGLE BAR RANCH! THEY'RE VOTING!

THAT NIGHT, AS TIM HOLT GALLOPS INTO BULLET...
WHY, THOSE HOMBRES ARE ROBBING THAT MAN!

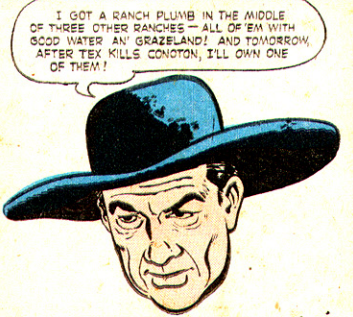
RECKON YOU HOMBRES HAD A MITE TOO MUCH TO DRINK!
Yiiii! Awk!

AN OVERNIGHT STAY IN THE TOWN JAIL OUGHT TO FIX THAT!

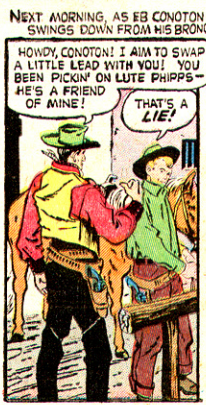

AS TIM BRINGS IN HIS PRISONER...
YOU'RE WEARING THE SHERIFF'S BADGE! WHERE'S BUCKY GAGE?
I'M JIM TEDDER—THE NEW SHERIFF! FOLKS VOTED FOR ME HOLT! TURN OVER YOUR DEPUTY'S BADGE!


WHILE I'M AT IT—I'M ARRESTIN' YOU FOR ASSAULTIN' THESE MEN! DROP YORE GUNS AND BACK INTO THE CELL!
ARRESTING ME? BUT THEY WERE ROBBING A MAN...!

IN THE BACK ROOM OF A NEARBY SALOON, SOME MINUTES LATER...
I JUST TOSSED HOLT INTO JAIL!
GOOD WORK! NOW WHEN YOUNG CONOTON RIDES IN—HAVE TEX GUN HIM DOWN!

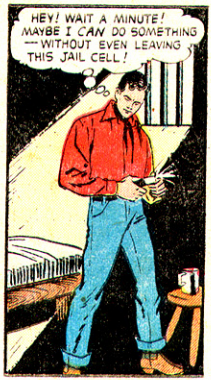

I GOT A RANCH PLUMB IN THE MIDDLE OF THREE OTHER RANCHES—ALL OF 'EM WITH GOOD WATER AN' GRAZELAND! AND TOMORROW, AFTER TEX KILLS CONOTON, I'LL OWN ONE OF THEM!

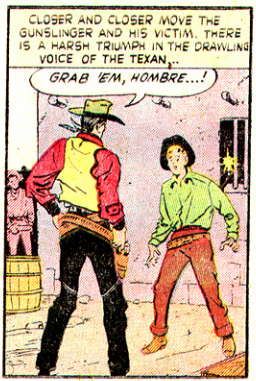
WON'T BE HARD TO EGG THE OWNERS OF THE OTHER TWO RANCHES INTO A SHOWDOWN FIGHT! WITH MY HIRED GUNSLINGERS, I'LL SOON OWN THE BEST RANCHLANDS IN THE WHOLE VALLEY!


NEXT MORNING, AS EB CONOTON SWINGS DOWN FROM HIS BRONC.
HOWDY, CONOTON! I AIM TO SWAP A LITTLE LEAD WITH YOU! YOU BEEN PICKIN' ON LUTE PHIPPS—HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE!
THAT'S A LIE!

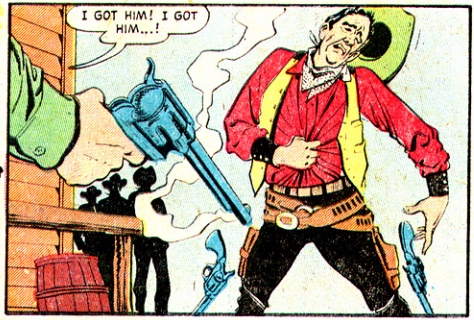
EB CONOTON READS DEATH IN THE HARD EYES OF THE TEXAN AS HE SLIDES CLOSER AND CLOSER...
SO NOW I'M A LIAR, EH? GO FOR YORE SMOKEPOLES ANY TIME, FRIEND!
I CAN'T TRADE LEAD WITH HIM! HE'LL KILL ME!

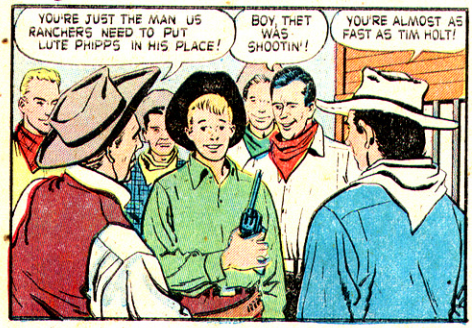
EB CONOTON—AND PHIPPS' HIRED TEXAS GUNHAND! IF I COULD ONLY DO SOMETHING TO SAVE HIM...


HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! MAYBE I CAN DO SOMETHING —WITHOUT EVEN LEAVING THIS JAIL CELL!


CLOSER AND CLOSER MOVE THE GUNSLINGER AND HIS VICTIM. THERE IS A HARSH TRIUMPH IN THE DRAWLING VOICE OF THE TEXAN...
GRAB 'EM, HOMBRE...!

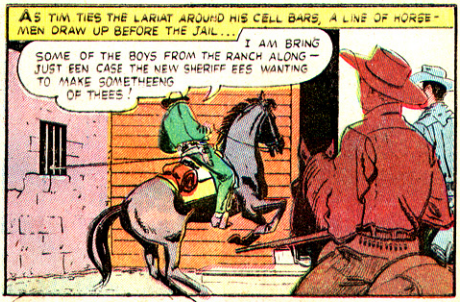
BUT AS THE GUNTHROWER CLEARS LEATHER WITH HIS COLTS, HE SEEMS TO FALTER—
HEY! WHAT...?

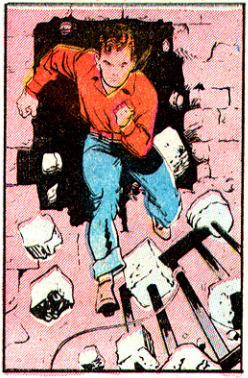

I GOT HIM! I GOT HIM...!

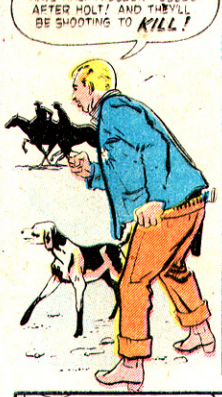

YOU'RE JUST THE MAN US RANCHERS NEED TO PUT LUTE PHIPPS IN HIS PLACE!
BOY, THET WAS SHOOTIN'!
YOU'RE ALMOST AS FAST AS TIM HOLT!

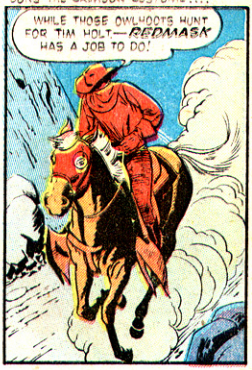
MAYBE SOMEBODY OUGHT TO TELL CONOTON I REFLECTED A BEAM OF SUNLIGHT INTO THAT GUNSLINGER'S EYES, TO BLIND HIM! HE COULDN'T SEE EB FOR JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR EB TO GUN HIM DOWN...

SOMEWHAT LATER—
I AM HEAR YOU ARE THROWING IN JAIL, TIM! HERE—CATCHING THIS!
CHITO!

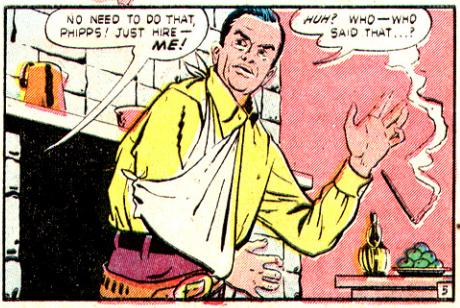

AS TIM TIES THE LARIAT AROUND HIS CELL BARS, A LINE OF HORSEMEN DRAW UP BEFORE THE JAIL...
I AM BRING SOME OF THE BOYS FROM THE RANCH ALONG—JUST EEN CASE THE NEW SHERIFF EES WANTING TO MAKE SOMETHEENG OF THEES!

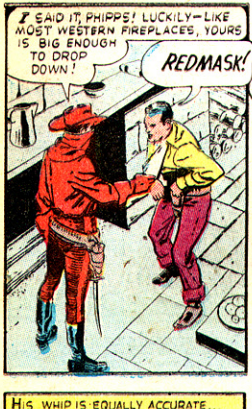

AMID A SHOWER OF ADOBE, THE CELL BARS EXPLODE FROM THE WINDOW...

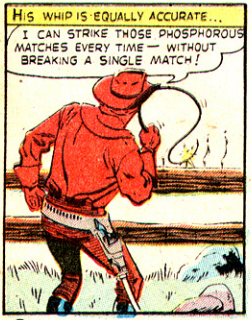

JAIL BREAK, HUH? I'LL HAVE HALF A DOZEN POSSES AFTER HOLT! AND THEY'LL BE SHOOTING TO KILL!

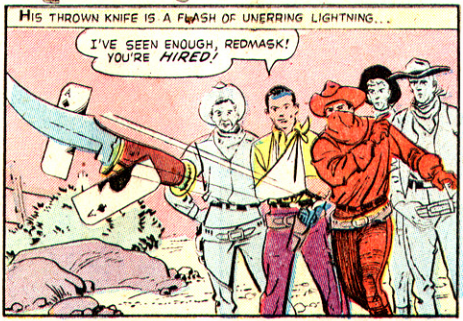

THAT NIGHT, HIGH IN THE TIMBERED SLOPES OF THE RIPSAW MOUNTAINS, TIM DONS THE CRIMSON COSTUME...!
WHILE THOSE OWLHOOTS HUNT FOR TIM HOLT—REDMASK HAS A JOB TO DO!

SOMEWHAT LATER, ON LUTE PHIPPS' TRIANGLE BAR...
SO NOW ED CONOTON IS THE HEAD OF THE CATTLEMEN, IS HE? AND TIM HOLT'S BROKEN JAIL! HUH! I'LL HAVE 'EM BOTH DEAD WITHIN A WEEK! I'LL HIRE TWO HUNDRED GUNMEN IF I HAVE TO!

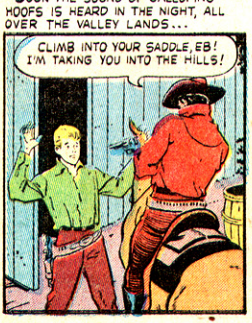

NO NEED TO DO THAT, PHIPPS! JUST HIRE—ME!
HUH? WHO—WHO SAID THAT...?

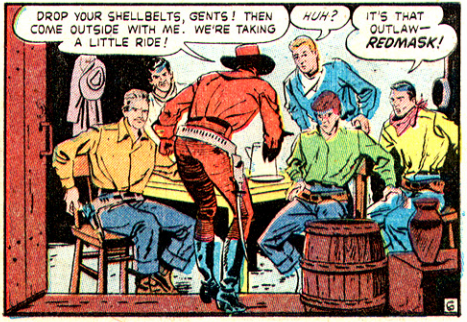


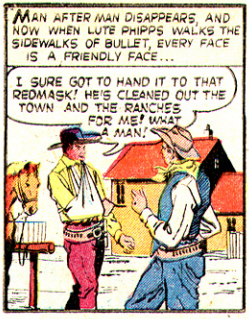


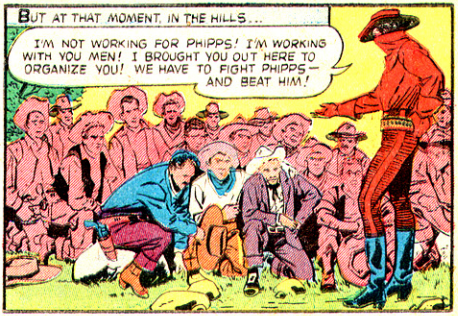


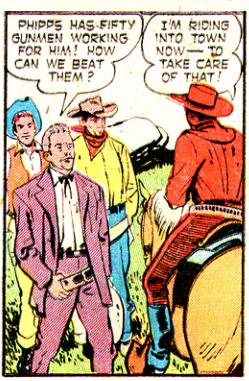
SOON THE SOUND OF GALLOPING HOOFS IS HEARD IN THE NIGHT, ALL OVER THE VALLEY LANDS...

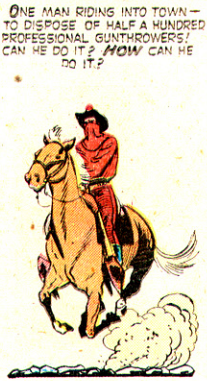




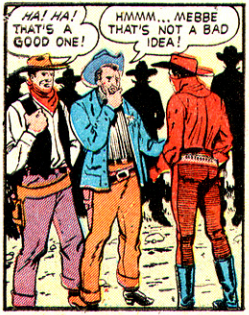

MAN AFTER MAN DISAPPEARS, AND NOW WHEN LUTE PHIPPS WALKS THE SIDEWALKS OF BULLET, EVERY FACE IS A FRIENDLY FACE...
I SURE GOT TO HAND IT TO THAT REDMASK! HE'S CLEANED OUT THE TOWN AND THE RANCHES FOR ME! WHAT A MAN!

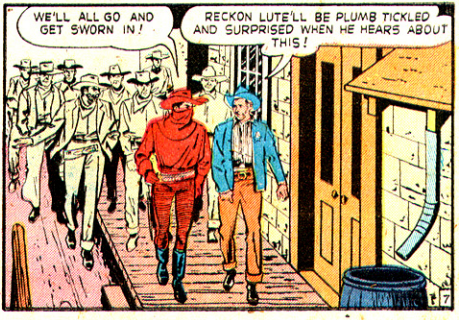

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE HILLS...
I'M NOT WORKING FOR PHIPPS! I'M WORKING WITH YOU MEN! I BROUGHT YOU OUT HERE TO ORGANIZE YOU! WE HAVE TO FIGHT PHIPPS— AND BEAT HIM!

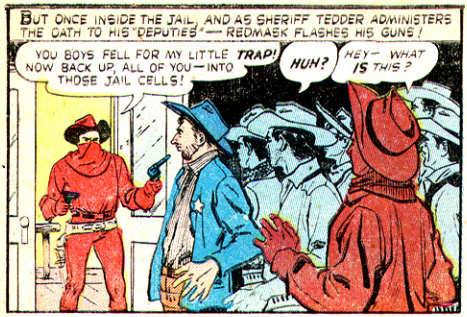

PHIPPS HAS FIFTY GUNMEN WORKING FOR HIM! HOW CAN WE BEAT THEM?
I'M RIDING INTO TOWN NOW— TO TAKE CARE OF THAT!


ONE MAN RIDING INTO TOWN— TO DISPOSE OF HALF A HUNDRED PROFESSIONAL GUNTHROWERS! CAN HE DO IT? HOW CAN HE DO IT?

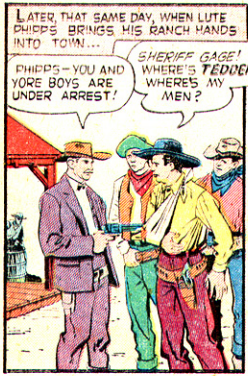
IN THE FEDERAL SALOON IN BULLET...
HOWDY, BOYS. I GOT AN IDEA, SHERIFF— A REAL GOOD IDEA! WHY NOT MAKE ALL THESE GUNTHROWERS YOUR DEPUTIES! THAT'LL MAKE EVERYTHING THEY DO PLUMB LEGAL!


HA! HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE!
HMMM... MEBBE THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA!


WE'LL ALL GO AND GET SWORN IN!
RECKON LUTE'LL BE PLUMB TICKLED AND SURPRISED WHEN HE HEARS ABOUT THIS!


BUT ONCE INSIDE THE JAIL, AND AS SHERIFF TEDDER ADMINISTERS THE OATH TO HIS "DEPUTIES" — REDMASK FLASHES HIS GUNS!
YOU BOYS FELL FOR MY LITTLE TRAP! NOW BACK UP, ALL OF YOU — INTO THOSE JAIL CELLS!
HUH?
HEY — WHAT IS THIS?

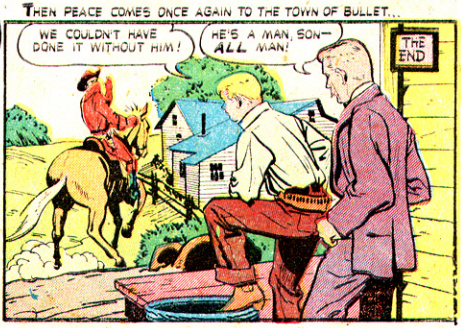
IN THE HILLS, THE RANCHERS SEE REDMASK'S SIGNALS...
HE DID IT, SOMEHOW! HE GOT RID OF PLENTY OF PHIPPS' HIRED GUNTHROWERS!


LATER, THAT SAME DAY, WHEN LUTE PHIPPS BRINGS HIS RANCH HANDS INTO TOWN...
PHIPPS — YOU AND YORE BOYS ARE UNDER ARREST!
SHERIFF GAGE! WHERE'S TEDDER? WHERE'S MY MEN?

THEY'RE WHERE YOU ARE GOING, PHIPPS — TO JAIL!
IT'S A TRICK! WE GOT TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT OF THIS!

AS LUTE PHIPPS LEADS HIS KILLERS TOWARD THE JAIL, THEY RUN INTO A SOLID RAIN OF LEAD...
IF WE CAN GET TO THE JAIL, WE'LL FREE THE OTHERS...!

YOU GOT ME — IN THE LEG...!
YOUR MEN ARE HIGH-TAILING IT, PHIPPS! YOU'VE MADE YOUR TRY AND FAILED!


THEN PEACE COMES ONCE AGAIN TO THE TOWN OF BULLET...
WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT HIM!
HE'S A MAN, SON — ALL MAN!
THE END

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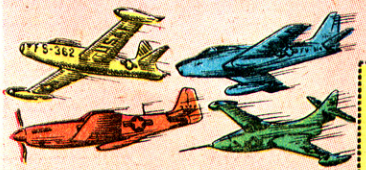

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